

The Rent-Collector

THE RENT-COLLECTOR

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ONE

I had my story all ready - and it was true. The rent-collector did not look sympathetic, but he listened.

"The company went bust - it all happened today. No-one had any idea - anyway, they can't pay anybody's wages, and they haven't been paying our National Insurance contributions, so it'll take a while for the dole to be sorted out. I've been to three employment agencies this afternoon - "

"What you are saying, Miss Lane, is that you can't pay your rent."

"Yes. But I'll have it all sorted out by next week."

"Not good enough. Mr Taylor doesn't permit any arrears, you know."

The block was owned by a property company, but Mr Taylor owned the property company, and lots more besides. I could not believe that he was worried about one week's rent for a very small flat.

"Please - just one week!"

"Supposing everyone said that?"

"But they don't."

"No, because they know what will happen."

I knew that Mr Taylor did not like bothering with such formalities as County Courts and Orders for Possession. And, with belongings in the street and no evidence of a tenancy, his ex-tenants had more pressing problems than legal action.

"What is going to happen?" I asked.

"I'll have to speak to Mr Taylor. I'll be back later. Don't go out."

So I waited. Very uneasily. I had nothing I could sell, no-one from whom I could borrow. And I had heard the rumours . .

The rent-collector returned at about nine. "You're going to see Mr Taylor," he said.

It was quite a long ride. Out of the city, to the wealthy suburbs. He stopped at a heavy iron gate in high walls and identified himself on a communications device beside the gate. It swung open and he drove up to the house, an imposing mansion.

A uniformed maid opened the door. She told me to wait in the entrance hall. It was luxurious, but I was too nervous to notice anything. The maid came back a few minutes later and led me along a passage. She knocked and ushered me into a room.

Mr Taylor's study. He was seated behind his desk and did not rise as I came in. I had once seen a photo of him in a financial paper and had thought he looked repulsive. He was overweight, too well-dressed, laden with ostentatiously opulent gold jewellery. A huge diamond in his ring caught the light as he gestured me to a chair. There was another diamond in his tie-pin.

"Do you know why you have been brought here, Belinda?"

I took a deep breath and hoped my trembling was not noticeable. "The obvious answer is that I can't pay

my rent, but I don't think you deal in the obvious, Mr Taylor. I wasn't brought here to get me out of the way whilst your employees throw my things out of the flat. Nor was I brought here to earn my rent, because you don't have to pay for . . such services. No, the answer is, I don't know."

"Very good." He sounded approving. "Did you have any forewarning that your employers were going into liquidation?"

"None whatsoever. We all knew that things were tight, but it suddenly seemed that it was improving. They'd just installed loads of new equipment to deal with a very special order - " I stopped, staring at his complacent expression. "The phoney order - they were set up. You set them up!"

"Business rivals," he explained smoothly.

I couldn't help smiling. "I like your style!" Then I stopped smiling. "But I don't like the situation you have put me in. I'll have a new job within a few days, but at this moment - "

"Would you like a new job now?"

"Working for you?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I would like that very much indeed," I said honestly. Then I added mischievously: "Can I have an advance on my salary? You see, my merciless landlord is going to turn me out if I can't pay my rent!"

"What a waste!" he said, smiling. He took a bundle of notes from a desk drawer and handed them to me.

"Would you like the details of your new job?"

"First things first." I counted out a week's rent.

"Will you receipt my rent book, Mr Taylor?"

"Certainly." He did so, and I stowed it carefully in my handbag with the (still very substantial) bundle of currency.

"Now, sir, your newest employee is very anxious to learn . . ."

Another approving look; yes, it was quite apparent that this man's employees would call him Sir.

"I am interested in achieving a monopoly in the manufacture of a certain type of electronic product. The company for whom you worked was one of my larger competitors. But there are others, and the ploy of inducing over-commitment on equipment only works infrequently. The Managing Director of the next on my hit-list will be looking for a new secretary." He saw my worried expression. "No, I only kill when necessary. She has been offered a better job." He told me the name of the company. "You will be provided with impeccable references. With your charm and intelligence, Belinda, there is no doubt of your appointment." He handed me a large envelope. "References and certificates."

I glanced at the first certificate. "Personal Assistant's Diploma - crikey, I was going to go in for that someday -"

"And now you have it." He smiled. "You can study the rest tomorrow. What do you drink?"

"Let me see to them, sir, a PA should know how to mix

drinks correctly."

How strange I had thought he looked repulsive. Whoever said power was an aphrodisiac was absolutely right. I was aware of a throbbing excitement, a tingling in the pleasure-zones between my thighs.

"Why me?" I asked.

"I think you will fulfil your duties satisfactorily. If I had judged you not suitable, the references and certificates would have been reprinted with another name."

"And what would have happened to me then?"

He had cast this spell before; he knew what I wanted and it would amuse him to play the game.

"You were brought here to discuss your rent."

I walked towards him and knelt at his feet. "To plead for mercy from my cruel landlord. Please, sir, don't throw me out into the street! I'll do anything! Please!"

"There is a way that you could earn your rent."

"I will serve you in any way that you command."

We were play-acting; *like hell we were!* The rent-arrears were pretend, but now we were both playing for real.

"What makes you think that a typist could amuse me?"

"I know I'm only an ordinary working girl, not like the fine ladies who serve you, Master, but I'll do everything you tell me!" I pulled my blouse open; I was wearing a quarter-cup bra which revealed my

nipples and I had surreptitiously teased them into erection whilst I was pouring the drinks.

Kneeling before him, head bowed, breasts exposed, I waited. He fondled my breasts and I moved even closer to thrust them further into his hands.

"Stand up."

I obeyed.

"Strip."

I had prepared for this. Suspender belt, seamed stockings, high-heeled shoes. Wearing nothing else, I posed for him, legs wide apart, hands behind my head, totally exposed and available, pleading for my Master to use me in any way that he wished.

"Why have you dressed like a whore?" he asked.

"I thought it would amuse you, Master."

"You would prefer to earn your rent-money this way?"

"Oh, yes . . . please!"

His hand was probing between my thighs and I gave a moan of delight as he touched a sensitive spot. My cunt was wet and desperately eager to feel this man's cock sliding into me, possessing my body as he already owned my mind.

"Turn round."

I felt him examining my back, and forcing my buttocks apart to look at my arse. Then his finger went back to my cunt.

"A naughty girl. But it does not look as if you have

ever been punished."

"No, Master."

Suddenly I was afraid and even the fear was delicious. That must have increased the flow of moisture within the quim and I heard him laugh.

"Yes, punishment is very good for naughty girls." He removed his jacket and told me to hang it up. As I did so, he seated himself on the settee. "An essential method of training. My slaves learn to love the whip because it symbolises my ownership of them. Bring me the strap."

There was a coiled leather belt on a side-table. I had not noticed it. I had come to discuss my rent - dressed in the clothing of a slave-whore. And my Master had placed the whip ready to deal with me.

He pulled me across his knee and, through his trousers, I felt the warmth of his body. I felt the soft expensive cloth against my bare skin, then his hand gently stroked my bottom.

"One stroke for each pound."

I had not wished to show fear, but I must have made some sound.

"Begging for mercy already?" he asked mockingly.

"No, Master," I tried to say, but my voice was shaking. I added: "I'm so afraid of you!"

I was lying across his knee, not bound. Escape would have been easy.

Escape was completely impossible. The chains which

bound me were invisible; only he and I knew that they were there.

"Yes, a slave must fear her Master."

I could not reply. I was tensed, waiting for the first stroke.

Then it came.. The broad strap of heavy leather slashed across my bare bottom. It stung painfully and I gasped.

A wave of pain convulsed my body. My hands gripped the settee cushion and my body pressed against his. Close to him - nothing else existed.

He whipped me slowly. I have no idea how many strokes. The sting of each lash was a world in itself, servitude, the essence of being owned by another human being, my only duty obedience, the purpose of my existence to please him. My pain his pleasure; and therefore mine also.

The fiery heat of punishment on my buttocks and the flame of passion which it ignited in my loins. Master and slave, united by the whip which was the symbol of our alliance.

And then he stopped.

"Stand up," he ordered.

I tried to stand, staggered and collapsed on my knees at his feet, kissing his hand, thanking him for punishing me.

"Come with me."

He led me upstairs. I was naked apart from stockings

and suspenders - I had lost my shoes sometime during the whipping. I wondered if we would meet anyone on the way. It would not disturb me. I wanted the whole world to know that I was this man's slave.

A uniformed maid curtsied and stood aside as the Master led me towards the staircase. A beautiful, expensively-dressed lady had just descended the stairs; she, also, curtsied to the Master.

"Nell, this is my new employee, Belinda Lane," the Master introduced us. "Belinda, this is my wife, Eleanor."

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Belinda," Mrs Taylor said, as calmly as if we were at a social function.

"Thank you, ma'am," I said awkwardly.

"You will get better acquainted later." The Master went on up the stairs and I followed him. So his wife was also his slave; I wondered if he whipped her. And if she was a senior slave, what would be her position in relation to others who belonged to the Master. I would find out in due course. It did not concern me at this moment.

He took me to his bedroom. Lying on the bed, legs wide apart, I waited to serve my Master.

I wanted him to hurt me. I was hot and wet and ready, but his cock felt enormous, it was tearing me apart as he used me roughly. I was held down, helpless beneath his weight, unable to respond, yet in my passivity was the submission of a slave, a thing to be used as her Master desired; my pleasure was in his pleasure.

He fucked me long and hard. I could tell that he was enjoying using my body.

Could I serve him as well as his other slaves? No thought of others now, what he was doing to me and my response encompassed the whole world. I had gladly surrendered my freedom to enter his service.

Afterwards he sent me downstairs to get dressed. a maid took me to the kitchen, where a light supper had been prepared for me. I had had nothing since lunchtime - it had been rather a busy day - and the sandwiches and cake were delicious. The rent-collector came to drive me home.

"Glad you've joined the firm," he said. "My name's Richard, usually shortened to Dick."

I wondered if there was a double meaning there and he must have read my mind, because he laughed. "Come along, the car-seats are nice and soft if you're sore."

As I went towards the door, he slapped my bottom. Not hard - the kind of playful pat which a man often gives a woman.

"Don't look so shocked, Lin," he said. "I won't do anything the Boss doesn't permit."

"What does he permit?"

"Most things. Come along, move your arse, girl!"

I collected the envelope containing my forged certificates and references. As an industrial spy, I was going to have to use sex as a weapon, so I had better get plenty of practice.

In the light traffic, Dick had leisure to fondle my body with his left hand, and I moved as close to him as possible to facilitate his exploration.

"Well-trained already," he remarked.

"Yes, sir."

"Definitely an asset to the firm." He guided my hand to his zip and I pulled it down, releasing his already erect cock.

"Suck me," he ordered.

"While you're driving?"

"Just do it, girl!"

I obeyed. This sideways position was not ideal, but I worked hard, licking and sucking energetically at his hardened prick. I was worried. Could he keep control of the car if he came?

He forced my head closer to him, the cock almost choking me as its tip touched my throat.

"Lazy little bitch, you're not very good at this, are you? Need some more practice - move, girl!"

I tried to increase my efforts, but I was so uncomfortable.

"Sit up."

With relief I obeyed, but this was not a respite. He slapped my face, hard. "Now, work!"

I tried so hard, but it was not good enough.

"You want another thrashing tonight? Yes, you're going to get one! I've got to teach you all the

tricks of the trade, and the only way sluts like you learn anything is through the backside!"

We were slowing down in traffic. "Don't stop!" Dick ordered. "If the cops object, they can have you too. You'd like that, wouldn't you, girl?" He reached over, pulling up my skirt and I felt him pulling down my knickers. His fingers thrust into my cunt. "Yes, that's really got you going, hasn't it? Maybe I'll take you out later and you can turn a few tricks - ah!"

Fortunately we were almost stationery in traffic. Two young men in the next car saw my bare bottom as I lay across the seat, and yelled enthusiastically.

"Tanner a fuck, follow me!" Dick shouted.

I managed to swallow most of his sperm.

"Stay there!" he ordered. So I could not see whether the other car was following us. A cheap street-walker, tanner a fuck, and my cunt was throbbing excitedly.

"Sit up."

No car was following.

Dick laughed. "Disappointed?"

"This is crazy."

"Not at all. You're a natural whore. Didn't you realise that?"

"I can't - "

"Take your knickers off. Whores don't wear knickers. Remember that when you go for your interview on

Monday."

Silk blouse, smart suit, high heels . . and no knickers. I shivered excitedly.

"Shall I have to let him fuck me to get the job?"

"Not that one. He's a useless prat. Show him a bit of leg and he'll be hooked. Can you do that?"

"Behave with discretion? Yes, if I have to."

"You have to learn when to open your legs and when you just show your stocking-tops."

"Yes. I'm sure I can judge."

"You'd better. No second chances in this game."

"What would the Master do?"

"Oh, he wouldn't have you killed. He doesn't waste valuable merchandise."

Dick parked his car outside the block of flats.

"Goodnight, Lin."

My eyes and my mouth opened wide in a silent cry of disappointment.

Dick grinned. "Only testing. You really want another thrashing and fucking tonight?"

I looked at him. "At least one."

A young couple were returning to their flat. Dick waved a greeting; their smiles in reply seemed somewhat forced.

"That's the reason I only collected your rent, Lin. I

decided you could wait."

She wasn't as pretty, but there was a lot more of her, and I know some men like plump females.

"And her husband knows?" I asked, surprised.

"He has to watch."

"Wow!" I was smiling in excitement. "How do you make them submit to that?"

"He gambles. So quite often he can't pay the rent. I give her a test-ride to get her nicely warmed-up, then I take her out to earn the rent."

"At a tenner a time?"

"Oh, I like to make my girls work. If trade's slack, she can bring them back to the flat and charge a bit more, but there she's on her back. Just resting. Bending over in a dark alley a dozen times and she knows she's been fucked."

"Do any of the customers whip her?"

"No. If they want specialist services, they make proper arrangements. This is just casual trade. Cunt or mouth. Arse is more expensive and that slut isn't much good at it. A really good arse-fuck could just about name the price." To my surprise, he did not ask me if I had ever been arse-fucked. Well, of course, this was just a sideline for me. I was a spy.

By now, we were at my flat. Dick's first order was "Coffee." His second order was: "Strip."

I turned round to display my bottom, where the red marks had not yet faded and some bruises were

purpling.

"Such a beautiful pattern." He stroked my sore and tender buttocks. "Seems a shame to spoil the Boss's handiwork . . but we've got to get in a lot more training tonight. I want the bruising all the way down the backs of your thighs. Have you got a short skirt?"

"No, sir. They're not fashionable."

He inspected my wardrobe and made me put on a denim skirt. Producing a pocket-knife, he cut off about eight inches. It was just decent . . only just.

"Bend over."

He surveyed me from various angles. "Yes, that will do. Your working skirt. See-through blouse, no bra, of course."

He unbuckled his belt. "Lie on the bed, face down."

I was wearing nothing but the mini-skirt. He pulled it up so that my bottom was completely exposed.

On top of the previous leathering, this was real pain. He laid them on hard, slowly, enjoying it as the Master had done. He walked around the bed, to add to the pattern from the other side. The sharp sting of the strap across my thighs was agony.

"Please - "

"Shut up!" The hardest stroke yet seared across the tops of my legs and took my breath. There were tears in my eyes.

Then the doorbell rang.

"Go and see who it is," Dick ordered. I put on a robe and opened the door on the chain.

My boyfriend, Bob. I had not been able to contact him when I had wanted to borrow my rent-money this afternoon. Since then, he had ceased to be relevant.

"I heard about the firm going bust," he said.

"Let him in," Dick ordered.

Bob looked at him in surprise.

Dick said: "She's got a new job. Take your robe off, Lin."

Naked to the waist, then a miniskirt. Bob gazed in horror.

"You now pay for what you used to get for free," Dick told him.

"Belinda, is this true?"

"Ten pounds a fuck." I posed teasingly. "Come on, Bob, you know I'm worth it!"

"I don't believe this."

"Oh, come on, Bob, I've got to get a dozen more customers tonight, don't waste time."

"I've never paid for it before." He was hesitating.

"New experiences are always fun."

He hesitated another moment, then took out his wallet. He was handing the note to me, but Dick took it, then left the room.

I bent over a chair-arm. My miniskirt rode up,

exposing my striped and bruised bottom.

"Belinda - "

"Hurry up, Bob, you only get ten minutes."

"Do you get thrashed when you don't have enough customers?"

"Yes."

And suddenly he was thrusting into me. He was really turned on, and only managed to last two minutes before he let go. I felt the hot sperm shooting inside me; my first paying customer.

Afterwards, without a word to me, he rezipped his trousers and went out into the hall where Dick was waiting.

"How much to see her whipped?" Bob asked bluntly.

"Not tonight," Dick said. "There are private shows - do you want an invitation?"

"How much?"

"Depends what you want to see."

"A birching."

I stared at Bob. He had never mentioned that he had the slightest interest in such things. Of course, it is not the kind of thing one can normally discuss, not even in bed.

"Five hundred," Dick said. "You get to fuck the girl as well."

"Belinda?"

"No, she's only a beginner. These are properly-trained whores."

Bob gave him his address and phone number, then, without a word to me, departed.

"Got a suitable blouse?" Dick asked.

"I've got a loose-knit see-through jumper."

"Fine."

The jumper was a bit too warm, as it was a very sultry night, but Dick told me not to worry. "Men like whores to sweat - proves they're working hard."

It felt strange being without panties. How would it be in winter, with the wind whistling up my quim?

He drove to another area, didn't want me to be recognised. He stopped in a deserted alley-way. "I like to do it in the open air. Bend over the car-bonnet."

It was the first time I had ever been fucked out of doors. I was a bit worried about anyone seeing us - but, as he said, he'd give them a freebie, there would be no trouble. Dick gave me a really good workout this time, my cunt was almost sore, and my thrashed buttocks felt as if they had been rubbed raw. But no-one saw us. Not even a policeman. Policemen don't patrol that part of the city.

Dick led me into a pub where he was obviously known, and I was greeted with appreciative yells and whistles.

"Go into the mens' lavatory," Dick ordered.

There was a table; I bent over it with my legs wide apart and heard my first customer come in.

None of them said much, just the usual exclamations and such phrases as "Good girl", "You're a bloody good fuck" or "What a lovely tight little cunt." I think there were eight, but I really lost count.

"Come along, Lin," Dick said. "You've done a good night's work."

We slept late on Saturday morning - well, actually, it was Saturday afternoon before Dick woke me up and mounted me again. We spent the evening at a posh restaurant. No knickers under my elegant dress. How funny it would be if anyone knew how I had earned our dinner.

TWO

My telephone rang early on Monday morning. Mr Fortescue, who was going to be my new employer, or so he thought. He had heard that I used to work for the MD of the company which had just gone bust - well, not quite, but the MD was now in a banana republic without extradition treaty, so who's telling?

Mr Fortescue's PA had left him in the lurch, he was desperate to get someone who knew this kind of work.

I played hard to get, I had been intending to take a holiday before looking for a new job, the company collapsing had been such a distressing experience . .

Mr Fortescue sympathised, nearly doubled the (already outrageous) salary he had been offering, recited a list of other perks, and I allowed myself to be persuaded.

The smart receptionist greeted me politely. A security-guard strolled past. He was good-looking . . uniforms always turn me on. *Keep your mind on your job, girl!*

Mr Fortescue welcomed me with open arms - well, nearly. He thanked me effusively for coming to his rescue.

I soon got used to the work and coped quite efficiently. I was cautiously feeling my way around for the first few days; built up a list of clients with their idiosyncracies. One was an alcoholic, one was screwing his secretary (damn silly thing to do, you should always screw the boss's secretary or, if you are the boss, a rival's or client's secretary).

I had an assistant, Glynis, a pretty redheaded teenager. Bright enough to do her job effectively and not so bright that she would be a nuisance. My possession of the highly-esteemed Personal Assistant's Diploma over-awed her and she kept asking about the course and the exams. I resisted the temptation to tell her a few facts of life.

I took the Minutes at a Board Meeting on the Friday, ran off an extra copy, of course, and copied the Minutes of all meetings since the company was founded. Dick came to collect them on Friday evening. I had only just got back to the flat and was still in my smart office suit.

"Lift your skirt," he ordered. He gazed in approval.

"What would have been my punishment if I had been wearing knickers?" I asked.

"Don't know," he answered. "I never thought of that."

I was pleased by his reply. So he knew that I would obey orders absolutely. I turned round.

"Ready for some more instruction?"

"Oh yes! If you have time, sir," I added humbly.

"What do you want, slut?"

"I want you to whip me, sir. I want you to fuck me. I want to please you, and to learn more ways of pleasing you."

"Do you know what this is?" From his briefcase, he produced a thick heavy piece of leather. One end was shaped into a handle but for most of its length the

leather was split into two thongs.

"Is it a tawse?"

"Yes. Haven't you seen one before?"

"No, sir. Only pictures."

"Feel it." He handed it to me. I was surprised by its weight.

"Schoolteachers used to use these on their pupils' hands." He smiled at me. "Stretch out your hands, palms up, one hand below the other."

"Please, sir - " I faltered.

"Yes?" He was still smiling mockingly.

"It's so heavy - I'm afraid!"

"Of course. And that fear is making your juices flow, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted. I held out my hands as ordered.

He had not made me strip first. Still in my elegant suit - the office executive, holding out my hands to be tawsed like a naughty schoolgirl.

The heavy leather slashed down and I screamed and staggered.

"Now the other hand."

Another jolt of pain and I collapsed, begging for mercy.

"When you're properly trained, you'll take a dozen on each hand."

I got to my feet and extended my hands again.

"You really want another?"

"Yes," I managed to say.

"A pleasing sight," he observed. "Begging for it." He raised the tawse again. I was facing him, watching him, as he administered this pain to me; watching the enjoyment on his face as he created my humiliation and my pain. He was smiling, relishing my submission and my punishment.

"Now we'll give some attention to the bottom."

I stripped hastily and bent over the arm of the settee. Perhaps it hurt more than the belt. Two thongs instead of one. The agonising sting in my bottom which was, as always, transmuted to a tingling longing in my sexual area. Searing strokes from the heavy leather tawse, an instrument carefully designed to create the maximum pain, to administer severe punishment. Punishment for no offence. His entertainment.

"Now put on your uniform."

Puzzled, I obeyed. I had bought a see-through blouse. Pink; it went well with the blue denim mini-skirt.

"Come along, girl."

He took me down to the flat of the couple who were in thrall to him.

"Belinda, meet Henry and Marcia."

We said hello. This was not an occasion for social pleasantries. Marcia was already in her transparent

blouse and mini-skirt. Her huge pendulous breasts would soon be sagging. Her lip trembled and she had been crying.

Dick was still carrying the tawse. Marcia obediently bent over a chair. Henry was gazing at the carpet; he looked as if he, too, was almost crying.

As the first stroke of the tawse thwacked across her bottom, Marcia burst into noisy sobs.

"Gag her," Dick ordered. Henry placed a leather gag in his wife's mouth and secured it. He had taken the gag from a sideboard drawer; obviously they had been forced to use it in the past.

Marcia's arms and legs were flailing wildly as the whipping proceeded, but she did not attempt to escape. Dick gave her ten strokes, then ordered Henry to remove the gag.

Dick said: "Now, Henry, I've brought a treat for you. This is a new whore, and she needs all the training she can get. Fuck her."

Henry stared at me.

"I can't do it," he said.

"I thought all your wife's new tricks would have cured your impotence," Dick taunted him.

"I can't do it," Henry repeated miserably. He looked up. "She's not willing, any more than Marcia is."

"But they both want to be fucked, don't you, sluts?" He flicked the tawse, more lightly this time, across Marcia's red-hot buttocks, and she responded

dutifully: "Yes, please, sir."

"Belinda?"

"I'd rather have you fuck me, sir."

"Later." He unzipped his trousers and plunged his cock into Marcia's cunt. "A good whore can get any man going - though I'm not sure if Henry is a man."

I unzipped Henry and took his limp cock in my hands. He seemed unaware of what I was doing. He was watching Dick raping his wife.

I tried very hard, massaging, sucking, forcing Henry's fingers into my hot wet cunt - but it was no use.

I had an idea. "Please try, Henry - he'll whip me again if I can't make you come."

Maybe he tried, but there was no visible result.

Dick finished with Marcia. "Tidy up your face-paint, slut, can't let the customers see you like that." She fled into the bathroom. Dick turned to me. "So you didn't make Henry come?"

"No, sir."

"Another ten strokes. Bend over."

My bottom was on fire. And soon there would be men's sweaty stomachs slapping against it as their cocks lunged in and out of my dripping cunt.

"Now what shall we do to Henry?" Dick asked when he had finished my tawsing. "Have you ever seen a man whipped, Lin?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to?"

"Yes, please, sir."

"Right, Henry, you disappointed the lady, now you're going to pay for it. Trousers and underpants down, bend over the chair."

And Henry obeyed. He was already crying, so I don't know if he was accustomed to being thrashed. There were some faint marks which might have been . . . but I was watching Marcia. To my surprise, she was staring intently at this new spectacle, the whipping of her husband. I could not be sure whether she was enjoying it. She was so passive, it was difficult to tell if she had such emotions.

Dick administered ten strokes to the cringing, wailing man, then lowered the tawse. "Stay there until we get back, Henry. Right, come along, sluts, time for work." We followed him out to his car.

The same pub. Bending over the same table, side by side with Marcia, two customers at a time grunting and gasping behind us. Two whores earning money for our pimp. Hard-working girls with sore bottoms and sore cunts.

Afterwards Dick took us back to the flats. Marcia had said nothing to me all evening. We went to make sure that Henry had not disobeyed the order. He was still bending bare-arsed over the chair.

"You've both done well tonight," Dick told them cheerfully. "Marcia especially has worked very hard - a dozen customers. Told you you'd learn to love it. See you next week!"

He led me up the stairs to my flat.

"Are you staying, sir?" I asked as I made coffee.

"Sure. I haven't screwed you yet. This - " he indicated the file of Minutes " - isn't urgent."

"I'm sorry - "

"Don't worry, things will liven up soon. Are you working tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, sir, on double pay. Fortescue says there's an urgent job."

"Is your chair hard?"

"No, sir."

"It will feel hard. I'll give you another tawsing before you leave in the morning. Go and have a shower, then I'll give you the hardest fucking you've had all night."

It certainly was. And we were both having a great time. Lying beneath him as he pounded away, lunging ever deeper into me, I was being well rewarded for all my hard work. The customers didn't often make me come; maybe they were in too much of a hurry. Prostitutes weren't supposed to have orgasms anyway. Dick made me come three times before he eventually let go.

"Best fuck I've come across for a long time," he remarked. Then he noticed the pun and laughed. "Far too good for pub-work. But it's a necessary part of the preliminary training."

I asked him why. "Conditioning," he said.

"To make me a slave?"

"Yes."

"I already was."

"I know. You're something special, Lin, and you'll be treated special. But you have to remember that you're nothing but a common whore and you can be put back to that at any time. The pub's quick and convenient, but I want to see you walking the streets and making your own pickups too. We'll do that maybe when you're sent out for a reminder or as a punishment. It's the perfect training. This way you can never get ideas above your station."

"Are there no women in positions of authority in the organisation?"

"Of course not. Women's only loyalty is crotch-loyalty."

"I would never betray the Master."

"No. You won't. We'll make absolutely sure of that."

I wondered if Mrs Taylor had undergone such an initiation. But I dared not ask.

THREE

The urgent job was, as far as I could judge, not very urgent, but Fortescue was fussing around anxiously. Dick was right, my chair did feel hard. My cunt was still sore, too. What would Mr Fortescue think if he knew. The smart, efficient PA - tenner-a-fuck whore in a sleazy pub and thrashed by her pimp.

Job completed, Mr Fortescue invited me to lunch. He talked about the company - he never talked about anything else - and I listened, flatteringly attentive. Something might slip sometime.

It did. And how!

Those weird and wonderful electronic bits and pieces had a military application too. In missiles.

"Of course they can't be used for that sort of thing," he assured me. "It's against the law."

"Doesn't anyone ever try to buy them? Some foreign government, perhaps?"

"Oh no, we're very careful nowadays."

"Someone tried?"

"Well . . ." He hesitated. "It was a long time ago."

"That's all right, then. Nothing to bother about - they're probably obsolete by now."

"Yes," he said, reassured by my understanding. "Not that there was anything wrong with the deal, we didn't realise . . ."

FOUR

As soon as I got back to my flat, I telephoned the Master. He was at home and sounded pleased to hear from me. And even more pleased when I made my report.

"So all I have to do is to dig up the old file on Monday," I said. "They're all stored in the basement and I know where to look."

"Very good, Belinda. You will be well rewarded."

"Serving you is all the reward I want." It sounded too fulsome, but I meant it honestly.

"I know," he said. "I have been hearing very good reports of your progress. Your special talents will not be wasted."

He told me that Dick would call on Monday evening to collect the evidence which I should by then have obtained. "And you will attend a celebration here on Tuesday evening."

"Thank you, Master."

FIVE

Mr Fortescue was out all day. I told Glynis that I would be searching for some old files in the basement. I had a legitimate reason to look for the personnel records, and if I was seen in a different section, I could plead ignorance of the filing system.

"You can't go down to the basement alone!" Glynis protested.

"Whyever not?"

"The security guards - they're usually hanging about down there."

"But there's no reason why they shouldn't let me through."

"Oh, they'll let you in all right, it's getting out again that's the problem."

"One of them made a pass at you?"

She burst into tears.

Eventually I persuaded her to tell me what had happened. It was Parker, the Chief Security Guard. Finding a pretty girl wandering in the dusty archives, he had invited her into his "den" for a cup of tea.

"I was almost choking in all that dust, so I went with him. When we were in his office, he said that girls who come down to the basement carry their knickers in their hands because they know - I said I was new and I didn't know, I was just looking for a file, then he told me to get my knickers off. I said no, I wasn't that kind of girl, then he grabbed hold

of me, and - "

"And raped you?" I asked excitedly.

"He kissed me."

"What? Was that all?"

"It was awful!" She shuddered. "Then he let me go, and I just ran."

"Well, don't worry, Glynis, I'm Mr Fortescue's PA and he won't dare try anything with me!"

Might enliven the day if he did, but I was more concerned with getting that file. It was in the Strongroom, but I had Mr Fortescue's keys whilst he was away.

I was up a ladder burrowing through files on a high shelf when Parker appeared at the entrance to the strongroom.

"Need any help?" he asked.

Not at that moment - I had just located the file. It was labelled TOP SECRET and I did not want Parker to see me taking it.

"I think I'm looking in the wrong place," I replied casually. "Haven't found my way around yet - oh!" I gripped the ladder. "I'm going dizzy!"

I felt his strong hands holding my body - well, what better way to spend my last day with the company. I cautiously took one step down the ladder. And his hand went up my skirt.

"Stockings and suspenders!" he announced in delight.

He probed further. "And no knickers!"

"I was told that they are forbidden in the basement."

"Oh yes, indeed they are."

"I really don't have any head for heights," I said.

"Get me off this bloody ladder!"

He lifted me down, then carried me out of the Strongroom and to his office. "You'll have to lock up the Strongroom!" I protested.

"Yes, I'll see to it. Then I'll see to you. Help yourself to a medicinal brandy."

That was quite a good idea. I poured two. He was back in a few seconds. I was lying on the couch.

"Funny, I thought you'd be the Touch-Me-Not type," he said, starting to unbutton my dress.

"Appearances are deceptive."

The dress unbuttoned all the way down the front and, as he opened it, he saw the bruising on the sides of my thighs.

"Boyfriend very strict with you?"

"He tries to be." I smiled. "But I just can't be a good girl!"

He had turned me over and was examining my punished bottom. "Hope it's worth it!"

"That's up to you," I challenged him.

I felt his fingers in my cunt. "Yes, you're eager for it, all right. Randy little whore. All right, you're going to get it!" He made me lie on my back. I

spread my legs wide and smiled enticingly.

He gave me a good hard ride. And I was still sore from last night.

"You're a bloody good fuck," he said when he had finished. "Fortescue's out all day, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Want to come back this afternoon? There'll be a few of my mates here - we'll give you a great time."

"Sounds like fun." I had an idea. "Can I bring a friend?"

"The more the merrier! Who?"

"My assistant, Glynis."

He frowned. "Too uptight. She'd scream rape."

"It's up to you to make her enjoy it. Anyway, if she gets stroppy, I'll say I was with her all the time and nothing happened."

"Why?" he asked.

"It's all for her own good. Like you said, she's too uptight. Doesn't know what she's missing." I finished dressing. My cunt was dripping. "I've just got to find the file I need, then I'll go and talk her into it."

The all-important evidence safely locked in my desk, I started on Glynis. I took her out to lunch and, after a couple of glasses of wine, she readily admitted that she fancied Parker. "But I'm scared! He's got such a terrible reputation."

"What's so terrible about being good at screwing?"

"Well . . ."

We returned to the office and discovered, to our dismay, that Fortescue had cancelled his afternoon meeting and was back in the building. I resigned myself to missing my afternoon's fun and games. Oh well, Dick would have to make up for it this evening. And then tomorrow . . . I shivered voluptuously.

"I didn't manage to find that personnel file," I recalled. "Go and look for it, Glynis."

"What, by myself?"

"Yes. And don't forget what Mr Parker told you - about how you had to be dressed when you go to the basement."

She hesitated.

"Knickers in your hand."

She did not need reminding. She giggled and pulled off her knickers. They were white, with pink roses. Fortunately she was not wearing tights.

"Go along now," I encouraged her. "Don't think of me sitting here slaving over a hot word-processor while you're having a marvellous time."

She had not reappeared when I left at five, so I presumed that a good time was being had by all.

SIX

The file was so important that Dick took it away immediately, but he came back as quickly as possible.

"Special treat tonight," he said. "Just wear a dress - nothing else."

"Street-walking?" I asked.

"Yes. Nothing to it - you just smile at them and they do the rest. It's OK to get into the punter's car - I'll be following."

"Might be fun." I opened my wardrobe. "This yellow dress - "

Then the doorbell rang. The police. Glynis had screamed rape.

I explained to them that she had had rather too much wine at lunchtime. I told them about the company tradition of women who went down to the basement with their knickers in their hands. "White, with pink roses embroidered on the front," I remembered. "And I noted in the Flexitime Register that she was taking the afternoon off."

The police were delighted. They don't like arresting men for rape. "Wasting police time - we'll sort out that little trollop!"

"I wonder what they'll do to her," I remarked when they had gone.

"Lesson Two," Dick said. "She had Lesson One this afternoon."

"And she'll be looking for a new job tomorrow."

"Very good, Lin. I owe her a thrashing anyway. Spoilt our evening. We can't go out now, just in case the police are still watching. Don't want to damage your reputation."

"Then I shall have to amuse you all by myself."

"Oh, I'm sure you could, but let's make it a foursome." He telephoned to a flat on the floor below; Marcia and Henry arrived within two minutes. They had apparently been preparing to go out and were in evening gear. Sullen and silent, they stood before Dick, who was reclining in the best armchair.

"Cheer up, Henry, think of the money you won't be losing at the roulette table tonight!" Dick jeered. "You might even be able to pay the rent on Friday."

There was no response. "Strip, all of you," Dick ordered. We obeyed. Then he asked: "Lin, have you got a little apron?"

I found a lacy one and tied it round Henry's waist, concealing the cock which, as always, dangled limp and useless. Marcia and I were then ordered to kneel at Dick's feet.

"The maid will serve drinks. Whisky and soda for me, Henrietta. What will you have, Belinda, Marcia?"

We drank, and the servile Henry awaited Dick's next order.

"Marcia, do you think a drink would help Henry to get it up?"

She giggled. (I noticed it had been a very large gin and she had sunk it already.) "Would take more than

that!"

"So he never manages to please you?"

She looked at Henry, then back at Dick and shook her head.

"Then you must be very grateful to me, Marcia."

"Yes, sir." The standard slave-response.

"And what about you, Henry? Are you grateful to me for relieving you of such a strenuous task?"

"Yes, sir." Head bowed, he sounded as if the words were choking him.

"Then thank me properly."

Henry looked up. "You bastard!"

"How many strokes do you think you deserve for that, Henry?" Dick sounded amused.

"I can't take any more! I'm going to the police!"

"And what do you think the police will do for you, Henry, apart from having a good laugh?"

Henry did not reply.

"They might charge Marcia with soliciting, of course. And you couldn't pay the fine, so she'd get a month in Holloway."

"At least that would be an escape from you!"

"But does Marcia want to escape?" Dick asked softly. "What a boring, humdrum existence you would have without me." His tone changed: "Henrietta, refill the glasses. A most inattentive maid! So difficult to

get suitable servants nowadays."

Marcia giggled loudly. "He's quite good at washing the dishes." She held up her glass for a refill and took a gulp.

"I am pleased to hear it. Is Henrietta good at anything else?"

"Well, he can't fuck, but he can suck."

"How interesting. A competent sucker. Henrietta, you must demonstrate for us. Come forward. Kneel down." Dick unzipped his fly. "Suck me."

Henry gazed at him in horror. Dick seized him by the ear and forced his head forward. And Henry started sucking the huge cock.

"Quite good," Dick approved. "A bit of practice and you'll be nearly as good as Marcia. Lin, did I tell you - but let Marcia show you. Lie on the settee, Belinda. Marcia, suck her."

We positioned ourselves. I would rather have cock than tongue in my fanny, but she was quite good at it. Being a woman, of course, she knew exactly where to stimulate.

I orgasmed, noisily, energetically. And then Dick came, in Henry's mouth, and Henry had to swallow the slimy liquid. Dick kicked him aside and he crawled into a corner.

"I will now inspect your bottoms, sluts. Yes, quite well-marked, but you both need some more attention. As we're playing the gay scene tonight, you can deal with each other. Marcia, the tawse is on the table.

Bend over, Lin."

So I was to be whipped by a woman - and a woman who was also a slave. I heard Marcia giggle again. "Lay it on hard!" Dick encouraged her. "She loves it, just as you do!"

The tawse smacked across my bottom, a light, ineffectual blow.

"Did you feel that, Lin?"

"No, sir."

"Harder, Marcia!"

She tried, but it was little better.

"Raise your arm high," Dick instructed her. "Then bring it down fast - it's the action, not the strength."

She tried again. He sighed. "I shall have to demonstrate. Watch very carefully, Marcia." The double leather tongues slashed viciously and I gasped.

"Lovely, isn't it, Lin?"

"Yes, sir."

Another stroke flamed across my bare flesh. Then one on my thighs and I screamed.

He administered several more strokes, then said: "Try again, Marcia."

Maybe she was trying harder, or it was the residual sting from the beating which Dick had given me. My buttocks and thighs were red-hot . . . so was my cunt.

I had just been tongued to orgasm by a woman, but I wanted a cock.

"Change places," Dick ordered. I took the tawse and stared at Marcia's bulging buttocks. "You can't miss!" Dick said. I giggled and raised the leather high.

A flick of the wrist just before the thongs made contact; somehow I knew by instinct how to enhance the blow, to compensate for my inferior strength. I was doing quite well, judging by her squealing and howling.

"Very good!" Dick congratulated me. "Another potentially useful talent, Lin."

"Useful - for a woman?" I was puzzled.

"Some men pay for it."

I had given Marcia ten strokes, then, as I expected, Dick called Henry forward. I practised my newly-discovered skill - on a man's submissively-bared bottom.

I could imagine myself in black leather and high-heeled boots. Also I would like to be a maidservant in the Master's house. There were many ways that I could serve him. Tomorrow perhaps he would give me my next assignment, or there would be further instruction in another aspect of my duties. Tomorrow I would see the Master again. But tonight I was serving the Master's very competent lieutenant, and it was his prick that I wanted inside me at this moment.

He was screwing Marcia now. Moaning under my tawse,

Henry watched as his wife cried out for a different reason, in delight at the hard and expert fucking which Dick was giving her.

I felt under the apron. No, Henry was not a man. But perhaps he was content in his place. Despite his feigned reluctance, there were compensations in his position. Some men would pay a lot of money for the treatment he was getting free. And he could indulge his gambling addiction without fear of being thrown out on to the streets when he could not pay his rent. Marcia, too, would rather be put on the street than put out on the street. I laughed aloud and Dick looked round at me.

"I'll save the best fuck for you, Lin," he said as he lunged into Marcia.

The best for me. Yes, that was the way it was going to be in my new life.

END

